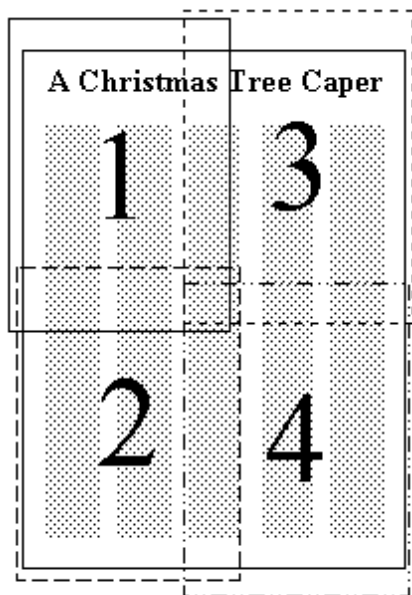
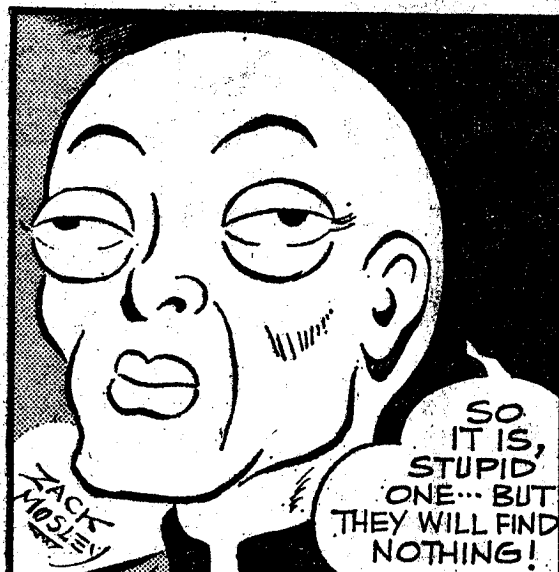
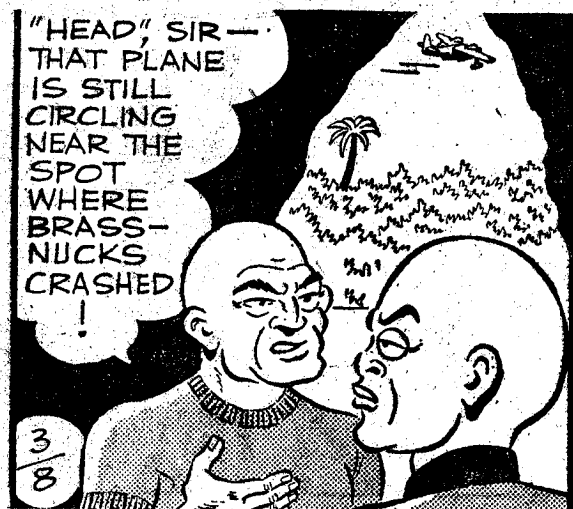


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



SMILIN' JACK



THE UNCOUNTED WAY

By JACK RITCHIE

(© 1958 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

"DEAR," my wife Lorrie said patiently. "It isn't necessary to iron both sides of the handkerchiefs."

Our 12-year-old son Dennis shook his head sadly and continued eating his sandwich while he watched me.

I unrolled the last batch of dampened handkerchiefs and resumed ironing. "Just being thorough, dear."

Lorrie turned back to her Name Book. "Natala," she said. "Natalia, Natalie, Natalina, Natasha."

"Natasha is out," I said. "Unless we can clear it with Dulles."

Lorrie looked at Dennis. "Now you're positive you won't be jealous when I get home from the hospital? It'll be just a little bitsy baby and you'll always have the same big place in our hearts."

Dennis shrugged. "Who's jealous? I'm all for this whole thing. It'll take some of the pressure off me."

My wife regarded me fondly. "I don't want you to get as nervous as you were when Dennis was born. You practically collapsed." She sighed. "Men are just little boys."

HE BEGAN
WIPING DISHES

I put away the ironing board and went to the sink to do the dishes. "We'll have to get in there and pitch while your mother is at the hospital, Dennis."

He yawned slightly and began wiping the dishes.

I washed several plates and then dropped one. It shattered on the floor. I laughed lightly. "It was only that cracked plate you were going to throw away anyhow, dear."

Lorrie sighed.

"I don't believe I ought to leave at all. This house will be a mess when I get back. That's the fourth plate you two have broken this week."

Dennis frowned thoughtfully. "Wasn't it my turn to drop a plate this time, Dad?"

I glared at him, but he was looking at the ceiling.

After the dishes were done, I took the plate fragments outside to the trash box.

My neighbor, George Brock, leaned against the fence. "How are things going?"

"Pretty good," I said.

He looked at the plate fragments in my hands. "Not one of her good ones?"

"No," I said. "It was cracked."

He puffed his pipe. "At a time like this a woman needs reassurance." He thought that over for a few moments. "Of course women always need reassurance. About ten times a day. But now you've really got to go into high gear."

I tossed the pieces of plate into the trash box. "I keep telling Lorrie that she's needed and wanted. Also that she's as beautiful as the day I married you."

"You do love me, don't you, dear?"

"Passionately," I said.

"You need me?"

"We couldn't do without you."

"Am I beautiful?"

"More beautiful than the day I married you."

Her voice became stiff. "You yawned. I distinctly heard you yawn. That means you're bored with me."

"That yawn wasn't directed at you, dear," I said soothingly. "I love you madly."

"Count the ways," she said.

I sighed. But very quietly. "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height . . ."

It was dawn when my wife woke me again.

I reacted quickly. "I love thee with the breath, smiles, tears, of all my . . ."

"Not that now," Lorrie said. "I think we'd better get ready to go to the hospital."

I fumbled for the night light and knocked the alarm clock off the table. "Let's keep calm. This is no time to lose our heads."

I woke Dennis and told him that I was taking his mother to the hospital. He nodded, rubbed his eyes, and went back to sleep. There was one more delay when Lorrie sent me back to the house for her Name Book.

"How's Dennis?" she asked.

"Fine. He's really relaxing."

At the hospital the doctor assured me that I might as well go home. Nothing was going to happen.

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HE BEGAN WIPING DISHES

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He yawned slightly and began wiping the dishes.

"Dennis," I said. "Either you need more sleep or vitamins."

Lorrie shook her head. "The doctor says he's as healthy as can be and his blood count is the envy of the neighborhood. He's just being relaxed. It's the latest fad at school."

"Pretty good," I said. He looked at the plate fragments in my hands. "Not one of her good ones?"

"No," I said. "It was cracked." He puffed his pipe. "At a time like this a woman needs reassurance." He thought that over for a few moments. "Of course women always need reassurance. About ten times a day. But now you've really got to go into high gear."

I tossed the pieces of plate into the trash box. "I keep telling Lorrie that she's needed and wanted. Also that she's as beautiful as ever."

George nodded. "Women are just little girls."

At two o'clock in the morning, according to the luminous dial on our alarm clock, Lorrie nudged me awake.

and knocked the alarm clock off the table. "Let's keep calm. This is no time to lose our heads."

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Dennis made a fine breakfast for me. Bacon, eggs, orange juice, and coffee.

A LOT OF TIME IN THE KITCHEN

In the afternoon, I made a pot roast with potatoes, peas, and asparagus. The pie I baked was quite delicious too.

When Dennis and I were through eating, I began stacking the dishes on the sink.

Dennis scratched his ear tentatively. "We could do them in a few minutes."

"No," I said. "We stack the dishes."

He sighed. "I'm going to be a bachelor. Life is simpler that way."

The baby, a healthy girl, was born that evening at eleven o'clock. Lorrie decided to name her Amanda. I figured it would be that. Amanda is the name of her favorite aunt. I took the Name Book home.

I spent a lot of time in the kitchen while Lorrie was in the hospital and Dennis gained about four pounds.

Lorrie was ready to come home in five days. I studied the house critically for a few minutes before I left to pick her up and rubbed my hands. "Beautiful."

Dennis shook his head. "I'm glad this is over. It may not show, but I nearly cracked up."

"I'll be back in an hour," I said. "Put on another shirt. The one we've been saving."

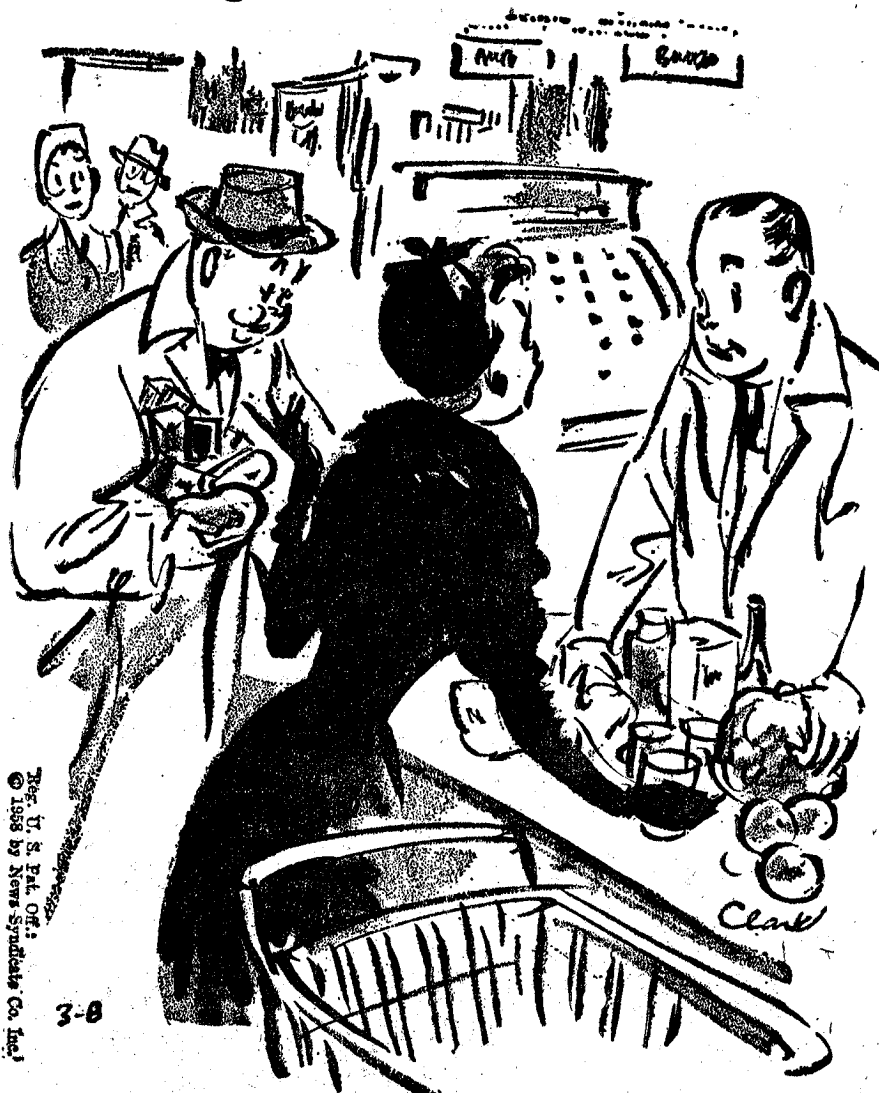
In the car on the way back home, Lorrie was pensive. Finally she spoke. "Did you miss me?"

"You bet," I said. "A house without a woman is not a home. The wife is the keystone of a family. Better no roof than no woman in the house."

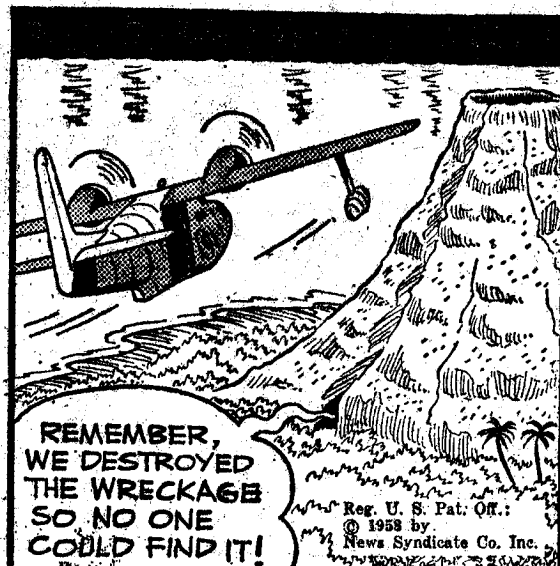
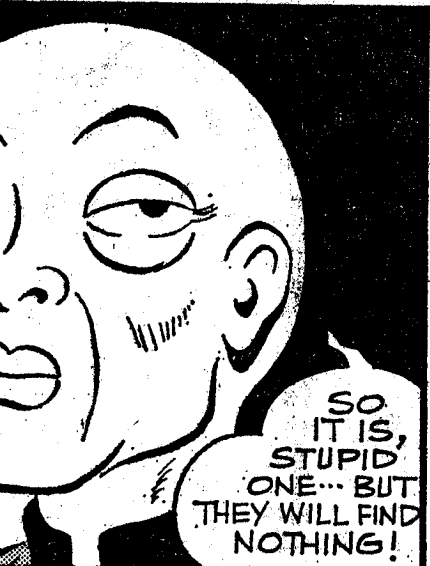
"How did you two manage while I was gone?" she asked with elaborate casualness.

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"I'll pay for these out of my grocery budget. My husband can buy his silly things with his allowance."



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"Fair," I said. "No complaints." She was silent the rest of the way home.

Dennis met us at the door and took his first look at the baby. He shrugged.

Lorrie studied him. "That shirt you're wearing is positively filthy."

Dennis sighed and looked at me. We followed Lorrie into the kitchen.

SOMETHING TO FORGET

She blinked at the tremendous stack of dishes on the sink. "Every dish in the house. You haven't washed a dish since I've been gone."

I snapped my fingers. "I knew there was something I forgot. Dennis and I'll take care of that first thing."

"Hamburgers," he said mournfully. "I'll never eat another hamburger in my life."

Lorrie shook her head, but she almost smiled. "You fed that poor child nothing but hamburgers. He looks positively starved."

"With onions," I said defensively. "I thought he ought to have his vegetables."

While Lorrie was inspecting the rest of the house, Dennis remained with me in the kitchen.

"Can I take a bath now?" he asked. "I feel miserable."

"No," I said. "Wait until your mother says so."

He looked at the sink. "About the dishes. Do I get a chance to break one?"

"No," I said. "I don't think your mother will mind if we're efficient now. Besides, we're out of cracked plates."

A Friend in NEED...

By SALLY JOY BROWN

A youth bed or large crib and apparel for her family are the urgent needs of Mrs. M. B. mother of five, who appeals to us as follows:

"A year and a half ago when I was expecting my fifth child your readers helped me out with a carriage and infant's essentials. I was very grateful. I am sorry it is necessary for me to ask your help again but there is nothing else I can do.

"I need a youth bed or large crib and the children are sadly in need of warm garments and shoes. My husband and I are separated and while he contributes toward the support of the children and I am receiving supplementary aid, I can barely manage to pay the rent and buy necessary food.

"My daughters, ages 14, 12, 8 wear sizes 14, 12, 8; shoes 7, 8 (baby). The boys, whose ages are 16, 27 months, take sizes 18 6 in jackets; pants 32L, 4; shirts 15, 4; shoes 11½ or 12, 8E (small)."

Do you have a youth bed, large crib or presentable apparel in any of the sizes needed which you would like to pass along to Mrs. M. B? She, too, is sadly in need of apparel—size 14, or 16, shoes 8½. We'll be pleased to send her name and address upon request.

Want a Beagle?

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"No," I said. "I don't think your mother will mind if we're efficient now. Besides, we're out of cracked plates."

Lorrie came back into the kitchen smiling happily. "The house is a complete mess. Not a single bed has been made since I've been gone. This place falls to pieces when I'm not here."

She looked at Dennis. "Young man, you go straight upstairs and take a bath. You're absolutely grimy."

He was hamming it up.

"Upstairs," I said firmly. "Do as your mother says."

Lorrie was radiant. "You two are helpless without me. You really need me."

That is quite true, but not necessarily in the way she thinks.

We need her because we love her.

But it takes proving now and then.

THE END

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Want a Beagle?

B. D. must find a new home with a yard for a male beagle dog, 4 years old, housebroken, fond of children. . . . A cute 6-month-old spayed female kitten, gray tiger striped with white face, bib, mittens and boots, is offered for adoption by M. A. She's housebroken, affectionate, and healthy.

Be sure to address the DONOR as given above, in my care.

If you are in need, I may be able to help you. If you have clothing or furniture you no longer use, let me place it with needy families. Do not inclose letter with packages unless they are sent by first-class mail. Names and addresses of applicants for aid provided. Send full name and address to Sally Joy Brown, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Tomorrow!

Have Fun—Win a Fortune—Play

\$ CASHWORD \$

Fascinating, new puzzle game joins Blackout to bring you two big puzzle features with prizes now totaling over

\$18,000 CASH

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